

TWO DAYS AT SEA; TWO DAYS IN PORT

Convoy Service of American
Destroyers Has Crew
Always on Watch.

ON BOARD U. S. DESTROYER,
AMERICAN PORT IN FRANCE.—

Two days at sea, two days in port; this is the sailor's life, week in and week out, day and night, in the convoy service of the American destroyers which has achieved such marvelous results—an army of 2,000,000 men landed in Europe with the loss of a few hundreds.

The destroyer fleet was just back from the latest cruise as we went aboard today. They had brought in six big transports, including three former German liners. Already the soldiers were marching to camp, and on board the destroyers things were being made ship-shape for the brief stay in port and then for the next adventure out beyond the capes, for with submarines off the port there is ceaseless vigilance, with always the chance of something happening, and everyone on the tip-toe of expectation.

The reports brought back of the last cruise were of the best. It had been comparatively quiet and the transports had been brought through without sign of a submarine. In fact it was so promising the previous Sunday that the commander of the fleet remarked they were going to have a quiet day.

But at 9 in the morning there was an alarm, with all the gun and torpedo crews springing to their posts, and after that four successive alarms through this quiet day, though none of the alarms developed into an actual attack. It showed, however, the steady tension even when conditions looked best, for it was known that hostile craft had been lurking off the beach rocks

near the mouth of the harbor and one of our big repair ships had been attacked as it came in a few weeks ago.

On the big destroyers the crew is always on watch during a convoy. There are lookouts in the crow's nest high up on the foremast, far forward at the tip of the bow, at port and starboard, forward and aft. Besides these there is the gun crew watch, the depth charge watch, and the torpedo watch always on the qui vive for the sound of the bell which calls them into action.

NORTH LIBERTY, IND.

Nov. 8.

Ralph Moltz returned to work at Mishawaka, Tuesday, after two weeks' illness from influenza.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Smith and daughter, Mary, and Mrs. Fox and children of Three Oaks, Mich., and Mr. and Mrs. Grover Vesburg and son, Glenn, of South Bend, spent Sunday with Mrs. Abright, west of town.

Ula Drury, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. O. Drury, fell, Monday evening, breaking her arm just above the elbow.

Mrs. Joseph Hostettler and little daughter returned from South Bend, Tuesday evening, where she was the guest of relatives for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Carr were in South Bend, Tuesday, shopping.

A. J. Hostettler and family left Wednesday morning for Florida to spend the winter months.

Mrs. J. Stover, of near South Bend is spending a few days with friends here.

Mrs. Dorcy Worster expects to leave the latter part of the week for Washington, D. C., where she will be employed.

Public services are being held every night at the Brethren church.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Schmitt came home, Tuesday, from Walkerton, where they spent a few days with relatives.

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His Onehanded Bit

By Archey Cameron New

It was midnight at an Atlantic port, and yet, despite the great calm that settled over the harbor from shore to shore, something important was afoot at one of the piers. At its very end, loomed the giant specter of a ghost-like hulk against the starlit skyline, and alongside the pier, small boats darted hither and thither on mysterious missions, each loaded to the brims with baggage, and then returned empty to the shore.

To the other craft in the harbor, only two small lights glimmered on the pier, the usual watchman lights. But to those in the small boats plying alongside the pier, other objects streamed by incessantly. A long line of men, with heavy coats, and laden with heavy rolls, passed ghost-like towards the ship, and disappeared within its gloomy depths.

Sharp, whispered commands and queries broke the silence, but were audible only to the limits of the pier. "Company B—110 men," was followed by a long shuffling of papers, then "Pass on, Captain Blake," came a quick staccato answer.

And so the minutes passed into hours. John Graves had wearily heaved over the pier bulk-head his last heavy crate, and stood loosening the hawser, preparatory to returning to shore. It was slow work, this unloading, for he worked with one hand. The other hung useless at his side, and as he gazed at the figures far above him, he cursed softly at the useless stump at his side and darted a resentful glance at the men above.

"I've got to go without me," he whispered, angrily, half to himself half to the men on board. "But, I'll do my best over here."

With his one good hand, he seized the oar and started to skulk towards the shore, when something soft struck him on the shoulder and he glanced up quickly.

"What th—?" he started to exclaim, when he noted a figure waiting to him over the rail above and putting about, he brought the boat up close under the towering side of the big ship.

"Talk easy, mate," he heard the other call down in a hoarse whisper "Do me a favor?"

Graves looked up suspiciously. "What's th' idea?" he demanded, in a sharp whisper.

"My sister," came the reply, quickly, then the man above looked quickly over his shoulder. In an instant, his face again appeared over the rail. "She's waiting for this. Take it to her." An envelope dropped into the small boat from above, and as Graves stooped to pick it up, he heard another whisper "Buffalo." When he looked up again, the man had gone. Something was now grinding within the immense hulk, that Graves recognized as the throb of its engines, and with a few deft strokes he cleared away

from the vessel, just in time to avoid its wash and to see it point its silent dark nose into the stream.

As the ship slowly disappeared down the harbor, Graves returned to the pier, and springing over the bulk-head, he made his way towards the light. While 50 feet away, he stole a glance at the envelope and saw only a name, "Ruth Maxwell."

Then he stuck the envelope in his pocket, and diffidently approached a man, clad in khaki, with two bars on his shoulder.

"I say, captain," he managed to ask. "What unit was that just went aboard?"

The officer wheeled sharply on Graves, immediately alert with suspicion.

"What business is that of yours?" he demanded, crisply.

"Oh, never mind," he answered, wearily, and turned away. But a detaining arm fell heavily on his shoulder.

"Come now," snapped the officer, glaring at Graves. "What's the idea? And what are you doing here?"

"Oh, just curiosity," was Graves' reply. "I'm helping in the loading, sir."

"Well, don't be so damned curious," thundered the officer. "And tend to your loading business. Now beat it."

As Graves moved away towards his boat, the officer summoned two men close by and pointed to Graves, whispering quickly.

"Follow him. Keep him in sight all the time. And nab him if he does anything. You know."

John Graves, now attired in a neat, well-fitting serge suit, and cleanly-shaven, sat on the porch of a little dilapidated cottage in Buffalo a week later and contentedly puffed at his pipe. Across the street, in the deepening shade of falling twilight, he noted the grim, silent figure of a man, standing under a tree apparently merely enjoying the cool night air. John Graves grinned.

"It's been a long, hard watch, old top," he murmured, inaudibly. "Pretty tough, pretty tough." Then he rose gallantly, as the door swung open, and a dainty feminine figure, with a creamy complexion and a simple dress that looked almost regal on her slim graceful form, stepped lightly out on the porch.

"Coming to take pity on my loneliness, Miss Maxwell," he said, placing a chair for her, close to his own.

She smiled wistfully, gave him a pleasant answer and sat down. For a moment, neither broke the silence and he sat smoking his pipe and regarding her surreptitiously beneath half-closed lids. Then he spoke.

"Miss your brother?" he inquired, solicitously.

"Dreadfully," came her emphatic

reply. "He was so fine. There was just he and I and he made it so nice for me when mother died. And I'm so worried since that advertisement appeared. I haven't heard a line from him for three weeks, and I've written three letters to his camp. Maybe he's sick. That advertisement—"

"Was written by me," was Graves' quiet answer.

"By you?" she exclaimed, springing to her feet. "Tell me, is he dead? Why—"

"Sit down, Miss Maxwell—Ruth," he said, assuringly, "and I'll tell you what I know." As she sat down again, with her pretty, eager face close to his, John Graves found it rather hard to proceed. Then he told her of the events on the dock that night. "I thought it all very peculiar. I admit I was a little suspicious. I thought he might be trying to send you a cipher message, that maybe he was a German agent."

She recoiled from him quickly and a look of horror spread over her face.

"A German agent?" she echoed, indignantly. "Bob Maxwell a German? Why Mr. Graves, how dare you? A brave, fine American like Bob—a Maxwell, why—"

"I didn't know," he interrupted her, quickly. "It all seemed so irregular. Here, just to show you I believe in him—in you, here's the envelope."

She seized it from his hands feverishly, and took from it a roll of bills, then quickly read the note with them.

"The dear boy!" she enthused, her eyes shining like misty stars. "His whole savings! How could you—"

"I don't know," he hastened on, for on the rapidly darkening street, he saw the approaching figure of the man across the way. "I had to open the letter, thinking I'd find your address, but it wasn't there."

"So I advertised for you, after I reached Buffalo. Then I came here, after you left that reply at the newspaper office, to study you, to see if there was anything in your brother's actions that didn't seem on the level with his country. Then I knew that the army rules wouldn't let him send it, for fear his regiment's moves should become known."

"Well, I guess I've got you now," broke in a raucous voice, and as the girl jumped to her feet in terror, a man's arm fell on Graves' sleeve, pulling him to his feet.

"Hold on," said Graves, coolly. "You've got me, I admit, but what are you going to do with me?"

"Look you up as a spy," came the retort, in a triumphant tone. "I saw you turn over th' message, too."

"Just a moment," said Graves. "You're on the wrong tack, old man. I am John Graves, son of Matthew Graves, the copper king."

"Matthew Graves?" whistled the detective, then he scowled, and his grip tightened on John's good arm. "None of that! Where's yer proof?"

"In my pocket," came the reply. "Ruth, will you get out my papers. Thanks. Now show him that white paper. See there, my discharge from the 404th infantry, on account of injuries. The yellow one, Ruth. My passport, sir. The red one. That's it—my membership certificate in the Sons of the Revolution. Is that enough?"

"A thousand pardons, Mr. Graves," the man apologized, quickly; then he sheepishly withdrew from the porch, and left the man and the girl alone.

"Mr. Graves," murmured the girl, happily. "How can I ever thank you? But tell me, why did you work as a boatsman—you a rich man?"

"For the same reason that I helped you, and your brother," he assured her, solemnly. "I wanted to do my bit, and because one hand was gone, they wouldn't let me fight. But I've helped another soldier to feel content while he's fighting his country's battles. Now I guess I'll be moseying along. Good-bye,—Ruth."

"Must you—?" her voice broke off in a sob, and then, as he looked into her eyes, he caught a tell-tale gleam, as she swayed towards him. In another moment, his one good arm was about her, doing its bit in a most efficient way.

RABBIT AND CAVY BREEDERS ORGANIZE

At a meeting recently held at the Chamber of Commerce an organization to be known as the South Bend and Mishawaka Breeders and Fanciers association was formed, the membership of which is to include the rabbit and cavy breeders of this vicinity. The purpose of the association is to promote the rabbit and cavy industry, as well as that of the raising of other fur bearing animals such as mink, martin, skunk and mink. Officers for the coming year were elected as follows: President, Bert Russell; first vice president, Roger Clements; second vice president, R. M. Carlisle; secretary treasurer, F. N. Nevins. Meetings will be held on the first Thursday of the month at the Chamber of Commerce, until headquarters can be secured.

The new organization plans to present a large rabbit and cavy show in this city soon, in order to give the public an idea of what is being done to further the raising of rabbits for food and breeding purposes, and of the cavy, which is more commonly known as the guinea pig, for hospital and laboratory research work.

ANNUAL MEETING.

Of the stockholders of the St. Joseph Co. Loan and Savings association for the election of directors will be held at the office of the association at 207 W. Jefferson blvd., Wednesday evening, Nov. 12. Polls open from 7 to 8 o'clock. L. LeVan, vice president. John Roth, Sec'y.

Adv. 9354-10

FOR PATRIOTIC WOMEN.

The new books on Food Conservation approved by the government have arrived at the NEWS-TIMES office. These books with many war time receipts are being offered at the office for 25 cents.

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